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FOR WHOSO NEEDS.

Come, rouse thy self, Acastor, man!
Life's glades lie fresh before thee,
May, who would yield, while fight he can?
Believe, the heavens are o'er thee,
Go where thou mayst, do what thou wilt,
This truth shall round beset thee,
All vain despondency is guilt,
For God can ne'er forget thee.

This stilll foreboding angry strain
From ruddy lips perplexes;
Of false alarms the shadowy train
The friends that prize thee vexes.
Methinks, at once t'were better place
Grey head on boyish shoulder,
Than wax in every moment's space
Some thousand ages older.

Come, rouse thee! God was never served
By sleeping or by sighing.
'Twere better e'en the courser swerved,
Than idly stretched as dying.
A gallant task demands thy years;
Thou seem'st as wholly given
To wear away thy life by fears!
Well-droppings rocks have riven.

O cheer thee! cast aside for aye
Those hypochondriac fancies,
If cheat ourselves we must and may,
Be't not with Dutch romances,
No, rather let a fairy swarm
Of phantasies up-buoy us;
To much of hope can scarce do harm,
And action should be joyous.

Then as this moral strain began,
It ends to reassure thee:
Up-rouse thyself, Acastor, man!
The boundless heavens are o'er thee,
Go where thou may'st, do what thou wilt,
This truth shall round beset thee—
All vain despondency is guilt,
For God can ne'er forget thee.

Original.

PERCY HALL.

"Well," said uncle Ben—"I suppose I must submit to the will of the fair "Queen," who this evening exacts of her loyal subjects, the homage of an original song or story. Having never been crowned by Apollo or the "sacred nine;" and being but a plain man, I must e'en give you a plain story, in a dress so plain it may seem very common-place, after the brilliant poems and romances of May, Louise and Gertrude,—the eloquent rhapsodies of Messrs. Beaufort, Manly and Harold, which have so entranced their delighted auditory. I fear me, you will listen only through courtesy to one who has seen more of the clouds and tempests, than the joyous sun-shine of life. But at your bidding, I seat myself in the "old arm chair," and I warn you to pay good attention, for as Fanny Fern says, I may possibly give a rap over somebody's knuckles. And yet, good friends, be not angry with me, for in each heart now throbbing so warmly around me, lies a hidden jewel, which I would fain reveal to each unconscious possessor, and whose pure light will but glorify the noble and highly cultivated talents, with which it is so richly endowed."

It was Christmas Eve, and our little circle was now enjoying, as it often did, the delightful accession of several ladies and gentleman of intelligence, education and refinement from the City. On this occasion however, the number of guests was much larger than usual, the reason of which we were then at a loss to determine. A gentleman of pleasing address and slightly foreign manners was also present. No one seemed to know him, but when the lady of the house ushered him into the Hall, and presented him as "Mr. Groveland," I thought I detected a furtive glance of recognition pass between him and Uncle Ben; so, slily pulling the old gentleman's sleeve, I whispered, "who is he Uncle Ben;" He said I should know all in good time, if I wouldn't be *too* curious." There was the least spice of tartness in his reply, and we kept as "whist as a mouse," but watched them all the more.

We had, as usual, organized ourselves into a society, the better to enjoy with pleasure and profit, the long winter evenings. We met in the great old Hall, wherein an hundred guests have often sat. On one side was an elegant drawing room,—a spacious and well stored library and pleasant music room,—on the other a brace of handsome parlors and delightful conservations, all opening upon trellised verandahs which overlooked a beautiful landscape of gently undulating, hills, dotted with clusters of tall forest trees and pleasant groves,—and orchards with pretty cottages peeping cozly out from their sheltering embrace, while from the deep bay-windows at the front, [illegible] the beautiful grounds gleamed a silvery l[illegible] and in the distance uprose the great City w[illegible] many spires and shining cupolas.

Such was the mansion, which for two years had been thrown open for our reception, and many a happy evening passed swiftly and profitably away. At the close of each evening, one of our number was chose to preside over the ceremonies of the next, and all were expected to obey implicitly the high behest. If the lot fell to a lady, at the appointed hour, she was, with due deference escorted to the "throne," by a gentleman selected for that purpose, and *vice versa*.

Uncle Ben had been some time absent, and his return was hailed with joy by all, for he was a favorite with old and young. He was, in good sooth, a "universal uncle." While telling you thus much, *sotto voce*, the old gentleman has been conducted by Florence Manly, to a seat beside Miss Jessie Bowson, who enjoys *pro tem*, the "highest gift of a sovereign people." See, he has crossed his feet over an ottoman, polished his gold spectacles and placed them upon his ample brow, and——but let us listen to his story.

UNCLE BEN'S STORY.

Far away, full many a miles, (for you know that scattered up and down the vale of life, I have a host of nephews and nieces, such as you all are to me,) I first saw and loved a little pet, in whose changeful history my heart has ever been deeply interested. You have all seen her; have passed her by in your daily walks,—you have met her in the brilliant assembley and in the more refined and intellectual circles. Still, you are strangers!

Did it ever occur to you, that those with whom you associate on the most intimate terms, even, and of whom you think you can judge almost as truthfully as of yourselves—possessed two, and perhaps widely different natures, and that you saw only the mask which concealed the beauty or deformity of soul which lay hidden beneath its placid folds? Yet such is life, and circumstances alone reveal the light or darkness which illumes or blackens the holy altar whorever a heart,—a true, loving heart *should*, but alas, too often does not throb to high and noble emotions!

I said you were strangers to my little pet, though you meet her very often. Yet I who have been her friend and *confidante*, could reveal to you depths of soul, of passion and of feeling, which you dream not lie folded away in those calm, clear eyes, whose glances trace no memento upon your minds. There is, after all much in a name, so I will give my heroine the romantic one of Evalyn. Eva was a strange child, or I should say, she never knew the sweet, wild buoyancy of that happy period, for illness with weary hand crushed out the cheerful gladness which so wins the affections toward childish loveliness. Time flitted on, leaving the rose-hue upon cheek and lip, yet it brought no elasticity to her step,—no gladsome gush of happiness to her heart. She knew that a heavy weight of sorrow had fallen suddenly upon their household, that the pleasant, almost luxurious home had been exchanged for a very humble one,—that soon the kind and loving father became morose, often times quarelsome and brutal; and that her mother's face grew pale and care-worn; her step slow and feeble,—that nightly when she thought sleep had gently sealed their eye-elds, that trembling mother came and knelt beside the couch where she lay, and near which slept her little brother, and with the deep earnestness of a bursting heart, poured forth the agony of her soul in prayer.

At last it came—that fearful tidings! The husband and father was no more! He had fallen from the foot-bridge into the stream below and sank with scarce a struggle.

My dear young friends, you have all divined the terrible foe, that wrought such ruin and desolation in the home of my little heroine. I will not name it in your happy circle, lest the loathsome, hated sound fall like an omen of evil over your joyous spirits. Would to Heaven, it were the last home over which the reeking flood-gates of the demon-curse might close, forever, darkly down.

Eva was now near fifteen, and it was a few months later that I became acquainted with her. I was one day sitting under the piazza of the —— House, watching the various passers-by, and idly wondering what the life history of each might be, and how many of that ever changing throng, marched to the thrilling music of high and generous aspirations, or trode to the weary monody of a living death: the slow, lingering death of all the good and beautiful which God hath implanted in the soul, for gr at and worthy purposes. My dreamy reverie was interrupted by the gentle tones of a little girl, who, I may as well tell you, was Eva. I had never before seen her, but there was a sweet simplicity, a modest bashfulness about her, mingling with a shade of sadness, as of tears crushed back upon her young spirit, lest they should cast a shadow over those she loved.

Timidly she enquired if I wished any sewing done. You all know that I am an old "Bach," and have, therefore, no one to look after missing buttons for me, or do the thousand necessary trifles, which after all, makes up so large a sum of man's comfort and happiness. I cannot tell you why, but I felt irresistably drawn toward the sweet child, and promptly answered in the affirmative, although I had that morning given all the work I needed for a time, to another.—Having learned her address, and promising to send work, she tripped lightly away.

That evening found me in Eva's home,—an humble one, but very tidy and pleasant despite the absence of almost all that constitutes comfort or convenience. Mrs. Holmes was pale and weak from long protracted mental suffering and subsequent unremitting toil, but lady-like in appearance and polished in manners. Already I felt a strong sympathy and respect for the mother, and love for the child. This they must have learned more from the tone of voice and manner, than from any words I was enabled to utter. How quickly the wounded, stricken heart leaps from its great sorrow, to meet sympathizing looks, friendly, cheering words e'en though they glance from stranger eyes, or fall from stranger lips! Ere I left, that night, I had learned the history of that family, their hopes and fears for the future. Eva was, in soul, a woman, and through her sad, almost mournful eyes, I looked down deep in her throbbing heart, and there read and earnest desire to throw her tiny arms around the loved ones, and in some way, shield them from the cold, dark storm showering pitilessly upon them.

Her mother possessing an excellent and highly cultivated mind, had not neglected the education of her daughter, which was even more thorough and advanced than that of most girls of her age, although she had attended school very little. Since the father's unhappy death, they had supported themselves, and kept an only son and brother, three years Eva's junior, at school,—by sewing, that suicidal resource of so many of Eva's unfortunate descendants. I had determined to become the friend of this worthy family, and perceiving that this employment would, if percevered in, eventually undermine the health of both, conceived a plan by which Eva might gratify the darling but unspoken purpose of her soul, and at the same time become the benefactress of others.

A few days afterward I placed in Eva's hand the key of a pleasant little school room, telling her to go on the morrow, and she would meet a class of a dozen scholars who would claim her as their teacher. These were from the families of the poor, those who were unable to send their children to school, yet she was regularly and liberally paid, though to this day she suspects not from what source. Her school soon numbered twenty which was all I deemed she could do justice by; and *her* untiring, zealous labors were signally blessed. I could point you to many, now occupying honorable positions in society whose minds were first awakened by her earnest efforts; the heavy weight of ignorance, crushing out the light of life, was gently lifted by her loving hand, and the lonely ones led tenderly onward toward the vast fields of usefulness which they now so well adorn. Upon the proceeds thus received, they lived comfortably, and Aubrey meantime advanced rapidly in his studies.

Thus time passed until Eva was seventeen, when her noble conduct and sweet gentleness won the affections of George Maynard, who though poor, had by perseverence and industry acquired a good education. He was an artist, just entering upon his profession, with neither wealth nor influential friends to assist or encourage him. Still he ventured to plead his earnest love, and then it was that we first learned the high and holy purpose, which, unknown to all, she had cherished and steadily pursued. It was this. At the father's mournful death, he was deeply in debt, and no trifling portion of this indebtedness was due at the *fashionable saloons*, and last, at those lowest plague-spo s which darken with their terrible shadows the fairest of earth's Eden bowers. Silently she had resolved to liquidate, with her own hands, every farthing which his creditors held against him. Silently she had gone about her self-appointed task, calling on each, ascertaining the exact amount of their respective claims; and informing them if they would wait, she would, in time, pay all. With a rude stare of incredulity were such promises received from one so young, so child-like, so fragile,—but as everything available belonging to the family, had already been parted among them, and they could obtain nothing by "fair means or foul," they very generously consented to wait. Noble generosity! God-like forbearance! Thus to strip the innocent victims of their unholy, murderous traffic, and then *kindly* turn aside to whet their vulture beak upon the blood-dripping vitals of others, until this scarcely more than child, could earn, with feeble hands and means to cancel their nefarious robberies!

But she possessed a mine of wealth which they were incapable of appreciating, and of which none except her mother had ever dreamed. This was a versatile poetic mind. Soon after the opening of her school, she commenced writing for the —— Magazine, and wishing the utmost secrecy, called in person upon the worthy Editor,—modestly told him h r history; her hopes and wishes. There was a beauty and pathos about her writings which pleased him much, and he discerned in these fresh openings, the golden germs of genius which would expand into brilliant and gorgeous blossoming, under the genial influence of kindly encouragement; while her youth, her heroic conduct perfectly enchanted him. He immediately engaged he. services, paying her liberally for all she chose to write,—promised entire secrecy and an increase of salary. The proceeds of the school, as I said b fore, supported them comfortably and happily, and none knew that she was daily coining from her young brain, the golden shower which should wash away the disgrace that rested darkly upon a once beloved father's m mory. Yet it was indeed so, and she inform d us that she had materially diminished the large amount.

If we had loved her before, we idolized her then, as she sat in the soft light of the shaded lamp, and with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain flitting over her sweet face, revealed to us the secret she had so wished to have longer kept from us, and but for George's avowal would have done so. With deep emotion she placed her trembling hand in his saying:

"George my heart is yours, but my hand may never be, until it hath wrought out the work which that heart hath so earnestly vowed to perform." Vain were our entreaties, that we might be permitted to cancel the remaining debts,—she turned tearfully away from all our pleadings, and besought us as we loved her, to leave her to perform this sacred task *alone*. Ay, many of the noblest gems which sparkle amid the glittering rosary of angels, were wrought out in silence, suffering and tears—tears which *would sometimes* flood back upon the weary heart, and almost still its wild pulsations forever!

George went to Europe. It matters not to you, how he, a poor artist, was enabled to visit the studios of the great masters; to sit at the feet of him who hath challenged the wonder of an admiring world. Eva closed her school, and with her mother, came to this place where they have since resided. By the aid of her pen alone, has she accomplished the long wished for object;—defrayed the expense of her brother's education, who at the late commencement of Harvard, graduated with the highest collegiate honors. George has returned from his travels abroad; rich in all that constitutes the real wealth of this world, and will soon join our pleasant circle."

Uncle Ben paused, and the murmur of many voices ran quickly round the room, when being unable longer to repress our curiosity, we gave utterance to the question,—"But Uncle Ben, who is Eva,—and why do you not tell us more of her?"

Again the tartness returned to his voice and very curtly he replied,—"you shall know presently,"—and sure enough we did. No one but Uncle Ben and I, had seen the handsome stranger steal softly from the room, and I was busily conjuring up all sorts of romantic denouements to the story we had just heard, when the great folding doors were rolled silently back, revealing the reverend figure of the rector of Christ Church, and near him several kneeling forms. It was a solemn beautiful sight, and a deep breathless hush fell upon all, as when the spirit folds its wings and awaits some prophetic voice to break the strange yet pleasing silence. Soon it came.

"Arise, my children!" Could it be! There in the centre stood the handsome stranger, and by his side,—yes, it was no illusion,—it was none other than Emma Vernon, who, timid as a frightened fawn, leaned trembling upon his arm! But there was no time for conjectures, and before we could collect our scattered faculties the Rector had pronounced them 'man and wife.' Uncle Ben giving away the bride. The ceremony being over, the old gentleman stepped briskly forward and taking a hand of each of the wedded pair; proudly introduced them to our astonished company as George Maynard and the Eva of his story,—the groom's man and the bride's-maid were Aubrey Vernon and Clara Maynard, George's younger sister; the elder one as also Eva's mother being escorted by Mrs. Anderson, the lady of the house. As soon as the greetings were over, Uncle Ben astonished us still more by proclaiming that he had that day, made Mr. and Mrs. George Maynard his sole heirs, and in their name he now invited all to partake of the hospitalities which were now awaiting us in the great dining hall of this pleasant mansion,—henceforth their home, and his, with them.

"Said I not well, ye were strangers to my little heroine? For several years has she lived in your midst, silently working out a beautiful and holy romance. You have all read the brilliant productions of her pen, and wondered who the talented authoress that led all hearts captive by the glowing genius of her earnest mind, and even in her presence have you complimented her by generous praise. Would ye have done so, had ye ever guessed the truth? As I came in this evening, I heard Mr. Beaufort reading one of her latest poems to a bevey of ladies who listened delightedly to the eloquent strains so sweetly blended with pure, womanly love; and blessed her in my heart, and you for admiring her. Then I wondered whether you would do so, when you came to know her. And the jewel,—*Humility*, have you not found it?"

Unknown to all except those who acted as his agents, Uncle Ben had purchased this noble, spacious building; fitted it up, and furnished it in elegant and sumptuous style, for one who had been passed by, summer and winter, by us,—all of whom deemed ourselves superior in every respect, to the retiring, unassuming, plain, shy Emma Vernon. Yet, how infinitely superior was she to us all! Yes, Uncle Ben, we HAVE found the JEWEL, and be it our aim to set it round with many bright and kindred virtues!

During the gentleman's narrative, Charles Manly had listened very attentively, and when the folding doors were thrown open and his eyes rested on the blushing bride; a sudden paleness swept over his features, a convulsive quivering ran through his frame. Gliding noiselessly to his side, we presented him with a glass of water, when he soon rallied, and his emotion was unnoticed.

And yet I half suspect Uncle Ben was not over blind, for he soon presented him to Miss Cora Maynard, and Charles claimed the honor of escorting her to the dining hall. Thither we all went, and despite the many mortifying circumstances, seldom was ever a merrier, happier group gathered around a more sumptous or elegant repast. Supper being over, Uncle Ben led the way to the music room, and George Maynard seated his young wife before a splendid piano, and solicited one of the favorite airs she used to sing to him in the little parlor of the little brown cottage." Her fingers trembled a moment above the polished keys—then glided gracefully over them, as none but a skillful hand can do. It was a simple ballad, but the full, rich tones of the instrument, blended so harmoniously with the clear, musical voice of the performer, that we listened entranced as the thrilling melody rose and fell with the varied emotions of the accompanying words, and as the last echoes died away, instinctively all brushed aside the starting tear. Uncle Ben bespoke a merrier tune, and the joyous swept like magic strains over the company, and light hearts lent wings to flying feet as they floated adown the mazy dance.

But there were none more graceful, more beautiful, more brilliant amid the merry dancers, than sweet, gentle, loving Emma Maynard.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard proffered the hall with, so much earnest hospitality, warmly seconded by the old gentleman, that it was accepted willingly and all felt that we had gained a noble addition to our society, instead of losing as we had so richly deserved to do.

"But," said Emma sweetly, "will not Uncle Ben tell us his own life-history as eloquently as he has done mine? I am sure it would be interesting, and I have so wished to hear it." A cloud swept over the ample brow, and unshed tears which had long lain upon his heart, keeping fresh one dear and cherished image there, now trembled in his voice as he replied—"Yes, darling,—some time,—not now—not now!" Emma wound her arms about his neck, and tenderly kissing his cheek said,—"forgive me, Dear Uncle, I did not think to give you pain,—it was an idle question,—forget it."

"Nay, Emma, for while it would give me pain it would also afford me pleasure to turn back the closed leaves of the past, and look once more upon their tear-stained records. Indeed, I owe this tribute to you all, and some time I will gratify my little pet here, but not now!"

Many of the guests were spending a few weeks at the Hall, and each evening was a merry festival—and so, lightly, but fervently were the "good nights" spoken by happy, grateful hearts.

BALDWINSVILLE, Mich. C. H. P.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.—A countryman went to the Lowell post office with a bank bill, for a dollars worth of postage stamps; the clerk's wanted specie, and he straightway returned with four Spanish quarters; these being also denied admittance, except at a discount, came a third time with a hundred coppers, and a very copperish look of exultation. Being informed by the official behind the window that coppers were not a legal tender, to a large extent than three cents at a time, the man from the rural district coolly purchased a single stamp, and repeated the operation till his persecutor caved, and took in the remaining cents in a lump, much to the internal satisfaction of the individual outside.—[Springfield Republican.

From the Washington Star.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

"Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."—[9 Beatitude.

I saw him—he had come
From his far distant home
In the west;
A jingling purse he showed,
And in the latest mode
He was dressed.

His face was all a smile,
And he talked all the while
How he took
Such an int'rest in the late
Election in his State
For old Buck.

He'd always felt the ties
Of party—let it rise;
Let it fall.
'Twas not for the reward
That he had worked so hard,
Not at all.

But office he could bear,
As the bravest soldier'd wear
Epaulets,
Which fix his rank, you know—
(And to the public show
What he gets.)

I saw him after that,
He had a kinky hat
On his head;
His shoes were worn away,
And his pockets seemed to say
Nary Red.

And loudly he declared,
That for party men he cared
Not a jot;
He scorned their dirty tricks,
As for politics
'Twas all a plot.

Folks saw the sudden change,
And thought it wondrous strange,
At the best;
Our friend did not explain,
But took an early train
For the West.

Original.

There is Something for Every Man to Do.

BY M. L. HIGGINS.

"The present, if it will have the future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesiest, who believest, begin thou to fulfill."—CARLYLE.

It has been well, and truly said—"The crisis of Man's destiny is to-day"—And we may say, the time, for every man to act well his part, is now, with the passing hour, and in the ever living present. There is no retreat here. For the responsibilities and duties of to-day, are upon us; and, they will not wait for satisfaction. There is something here, for every man to do, in the great strife of contending influences, that is constantly rushing on in the world around us. Say what we may, no man is wholly free from the passing duties, and every day responsibilities, that cluster along the pathway of life; while, the links of human sympathy and common dependence, bind us together in one common interest and one common destiny.—Hence, our interests and obligations are so connected, that our social necessities and common wants DEMAND of every one, a corresponding share of all those moral and social activities, which go to make up that state of Moral Power, and Public Virtue, upon which the social fabric, alone, can rest.

In reply to that oft repeated saying, which has had so great a run—"I can't do anything—I have no influence!" Let me say; it is FALSE, from first to last! It is a sentiment that does not belong to the social state, and can have no just application but in a state of perfect isolation. For, be it known, there is no man in a community of men without an influence. There is no man with a sane mind, so imbecile, as to be incapable of moral action, and SOME positive good; no matter of what occupation, or what condition of life. There is a part for each to act, which shall tell on the well-being and destiny of his fellow, for all time to come.

Look up then, my Brother! Wherever you are, up and down the broad streets and narrow lanes of this breathing, bus ling, clashing, striving world. Arouse thee, from inglorious ease, and awake to the great truth, inscribed on every part of God's Universe, which proclaims that—"Life is Labor—Life is Action—Life is Earnest"—And, remember, that thou hast possibility for much; the possibility of writing on the Eternal skies record of a heroic life."

You can do something towards making up the grand sum total of human Happiness. You can do something, towards making society better than it is. You can exert an influence, that will tell somewhere, in the great strife of Progress, in arresting the tide of discord and wide-spread despair. There is work enough to do, if we go no further than to complete the development of the Individual Mind. The province of self elevation, is by no means a small one. There is a vast field even here, for improvement, labor and Intellectual effort. But beyond this, how much more, to accomplish in the great community around. How much to originate the plans of Reform—to elevate every social virtue—to propagate sentiments of Honor, Nobility, Truth and Justice—to roll on the tide of Progress against all those institutions of Wrong, and Oppression, which destroy the happiness, and impede the prosperity of Society.

Yes; there is enough to do, and worthy of the best efforts of sincere, earnest souls. There is enough to do, to engage a life time, in self sacrificing activities, in manly virtue, and noble deeds.

Then waste not the precious hours away.—Press on to the goal of cheerful toil. "Trust men gently—trust them strongly." Brave the evil, and cherish the good—and though we walk in the wilderness to-day—the light shall come, to-morrow."

"O, youth, flame earnest, still aspire,
With one glad immortal,
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning eyes a portal.
And though age weary by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow."

YPSI, Mich.

From the Parlor Casket.

A Glance Behind the Scene

BY R. TE CARROLL.

So I thought, when I beheld my old neighbor, Mr. Pompos, on the steps of the Revere, picking his teeth. There he was, gracefully leaning against a column, in the glory of a costly suit of black, boots, and hat, all three making a greater glare than that owned by any other gentleman about him. The sun, even, paled by comparison with such deep resplendency!

He had just given a sumptuous dinner to four gentlemen from the South, whom he had met on his travels a few weeks earlier in the season. Such sprigs of arrogance as they were, to be sure!

Looking with sovereign contempt upon Yankee institutions, and Yankee as he passed hurriedly by intent on business, or, in rich attire stood beside him. My honest indignation rose at witnessing some of those scathing glances. Even their obsequious entertainer, I could fairly see, came in for a large share of their most laughable, and (in other cases) causeless contempt. No wonder, thought I, if they can see him as I do, and know just what he is. This being and seeming are so vastly different! I could not, for the life of me, prevent queer questions from arising in my mind as I looked at the really imposing party.

I wonder if, while dining, Mr. Pompos thought of his absent wife and four little children, and their scant dinner which in the morning he had solemnly declared he could not improve? Wonder if he thought of the many privations they were obliged to endure that he might wear the semblance of a Corsus? Wonder if Mrs. Pompos wishes she was still Maria Wells, and had never seen her selfish and deceiving husband? Wonder if ever Mr. Pompos will think it time for Mrs. Pompos to see a little of the world, and if she would understand what a travelling dress meant, or know Niagara when she reached it? (So terribly kept back are some wives!) Wonder if that sparkling diamond in Mr. Pompos' bosom would not make his home a comfortable place for one year? Wonder if those aristocratic Southerners would accept Mr. Pompos' politeness, did they know at just what price it was purchased? And I, "lastly," wonder if the countless Mrs. Pomposes are always to live on as they do now, and hug while they hide their galling chains, until the sod h des them from the ill and wrong that turned sour the wine of life?

SALEM, Mass.

DOINGS OF A RICH HEIRESS.—The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:

"The Express tells of a great excitement on Saturday in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, corner of Houston and Mulberry streets, in consequence of the flight from there of a young lady who had, in a fit of disappointed love, turned to be a nun some two years since. The time was approaching when she was expected to take the black veil, in which case some $70,000 to which she is heiress would go into the treasury of the church. Some of the relatives of the young lady, however, persuaded her to abandon her intention of taking the veil, and at the eleventh hour, as it were, she consented, and made tracks from the institution as above described. The Express gave the initials of the "dramatis personæ," but now that the cat is out of the bag, your correspondent might as well give names in full.

"The young lady is Miss Pauline Costay, a grand daughter of the celebrated Madame de Pau, daughter of the late Count de Grasse. The young gentleman who refused to reciprocate her affection is Walter Livingston, Esq. The parties are all occupants of the highest niche in the temple of fashion here, and as you may guess, this bit of romance in real life has created no little excitement above Bleecner street."

A LOVING BLUNDER.—Two young gentlemen met, a few evenings ago, at the house of an acquaintance, some young ladies, for one of whom each gentleman entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends, thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved their seats at the same instant, and placed themselves, as they supposed, by the lady's side; but she had also moved, and the gentlemen were in reality, next to each other.—As our friends could not whisper, without betraying their whereabouts, they both gently took, as they thought, the soft little hand of the charmer; and when, after a while, they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was enraptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may be well imagined that moments flew rapidly in this silent interchange of mutual affection.—But the ladies, wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly slipped out and suddenly returned with a light. There sat our friends, most lovingly squeezing each others hands, and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation, and the ecstasy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen bolted, and one was afterwards heard to say that he thought all the while Miss——'s hand felt rather hard.—[Illinois Columbian.

CHINA.—The fact that the United States squadron promptly avenged the insult on the American flag at Canton, has been received in London with a general expression of satisfaction. According to the latest private mercantile letters, there was little expectation of a speedy termination of the dispute. The only prospect of such a result consisted in the possibility of orders arriving at Canton from the Emperor, for immediate submission, but as the only accounts transmitted to Pekin would be those of Governor Yeh, it was not likely they were such as to induce the Imperial Court to adopt a pacific policy. The probability is that no operations in the South of China will have any effect upon the authorities, and that a demonstration near the seat of Government will be found necessary. In that case the interruption of trade must continue for a considerable period and the [illegible] [illegible]